

STORY OF AN OLD MULE AIDS FUND FOR PREACHERS

Tale of the Animal's Life and Death Generally Brings Large Contributions.

MACON, Mo., Sept. 16.—The story of an old mule, related with tear-compelling pathos by the Rev. H. R. Cooper, is said to be largely responsible for the generous outpouring of contributions to the \$200,000 fund for the benefit of superannuated ministers of the Missouri Methodist Conference and for widows of Methodist clergymen.

Five or six years ago Mr. Cooper started out to raise \$100,000 for the purpose indicated. The sum, if raised, was to be invested that it would take care of the ministers whose days of labor were over. Some laughed at the idea of raising such a large sum. Mr. Cooper said it could be done. The board was so much impressed that it appointed him financial agent to go ahead and try.

Studied Situation for Years.

Mr. Cooper long had been an energetic and successful minister and at times held appointments as presiding elder. He knew the people of Missouri. Before accepting the appointment he had studied the matter carefully and decided just how he would go about it. Instead of using in his address the flowers of speech, he decided that he would present his argument in a parable—one that would strike home.

Story Came from Audrain County.

Down amid the roots of the cotton woods of Audrain county, sleeps an animal of the type which has made Missouri famous. For thirty years that old mule had labored in season and out, rain and shine, hot or cold, and then entered into its rest.

Mr. Cooper had been on his tour several months before he heard about that mule. He investigated and learned all the facts. Then he told the story that brought the contributions. "Brother Jim Jones was a Methodist of the old school," he would begin, "always at his place in church, ready to shout, sing or pray with the best of them." He never cheated in a horse trade, never lied about the quality of his dogs, and was always honest with his neighbors and his God. Among his stock was old Bill Crow, a black mule, nearly a third of a century old. His service had been almost as long as his years. One morning Brother Jones hitched Bill Crow up to the plow and started across the field.

"Bill Crow didn't move. He just turned his head and looked kinder mournful at his boss, and then laid down. His working days were over. Brother Jones saw that, because it was the first time Bill Crow had ever refused to move when commanded. He went up and looked into the mule's eyes and saw tears in them. He knew Bill Crow had done the best he could and that he hated to quit. There was no help for it, and so he turned the old mule out in the woods to die."

Boy Makes the First Appeal.

That night Brother Jones's boy, Joe, came to him and said:

"Pap, what've you done with old Bill Crow?"

"Why, son, he fell down at the plough this morning, and so I turned him out to die. Guess his working days are over."

"You turned old Bill Crow out to die?"

"Why, sure; he ain't no good no more."

"But, see here, pap; ain't he been working all his life for you?"

"He sure has, son, and he worked good, too."

"And you goin' to church every Sunday and a singing 'I Want to Be an Angel'?"

"Pap, do you reckon an angel would treat old Bill Crow that way?"

"A neighbor passed by where Brother Jones was ploughing with a new horse."

"What you done with old Bill Crow, Jim?" the neighbor asked.

"Oh, he played out 'other day and I just turned him out to die."

"See here, Jim, you don't mean to tell me after he's worked for you all these years as hard as he has, you'd turn him down in his old age. Why, Jim, no Christian would act that way."

His Wife was Ashamed.

"That was putting it pretty strong. Jim's conscience began to work. Seemed like he'd been pretty mean to that old mule. He thought he'd go to the house and ask his wife about it."

"Jim," she said, red hot, "you don't mean to tell me you turned old Bill Crow out in the cold after the way he's worked for you all these years! I'm ashamed of you!"

"That settled it. What the missus said was the law with Jim, who felt so mean and onery at the way he treated old Bill Crow that he sneaked out of the house, hunted up the old mule, begged his pardon and brought it back to the barn, where Jim saw to it that ever after it was well fed and cared for."

"Now, folks," Mr. Cooper would say, driving home the lesson, "don't you think that an old, white-haired man, who has labored for you maybe fifty or sixty years or more—laughed when you laughed, suffered when you suffered—comforted the sick, ministered to the widow and the orphan, pointed the way to the glory world as the sands of life were ebbing—don't you think a man who has done all this has earned at your hands his keep in the twilight of his long and useful life?"

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ELKINS PEOPLE PAINFULLY HURT IN AUTO CRASH

Learning to Drive Car, Man Steers it into Bank on Laurel Hill.

ELKINS, Sept. 16.—While learning to drive a Ford roadster Dr. C. H. Tuttle, of Parkersburg, in some manner steered the machine into a steep bank on the Laurel Hill road. The car turned over and pinned Dr. Tuttle and Miss Calora Lawson under it, painfully injuring both. They were taken to the city hospital, where their injuries were attended to.

Students Enroll.

At the close of the second day's registration at Davis and Elkins college the enrollment was larger than at any time in the history of the institution. The outlook is exceedingly bright for a record-breaking attendance and for a strong football team.

Sunday Meetings.

The first of the series of Sunday meetings to be held at the Young Men's Christian Association during the fall and winter season will be conducted by the Gideon band tomorrow afternoon.

Violin Recital.

Miss Margaret Horner, of Morgantown, will appear in a violin recital in this city September 22.

Anthony-Price.

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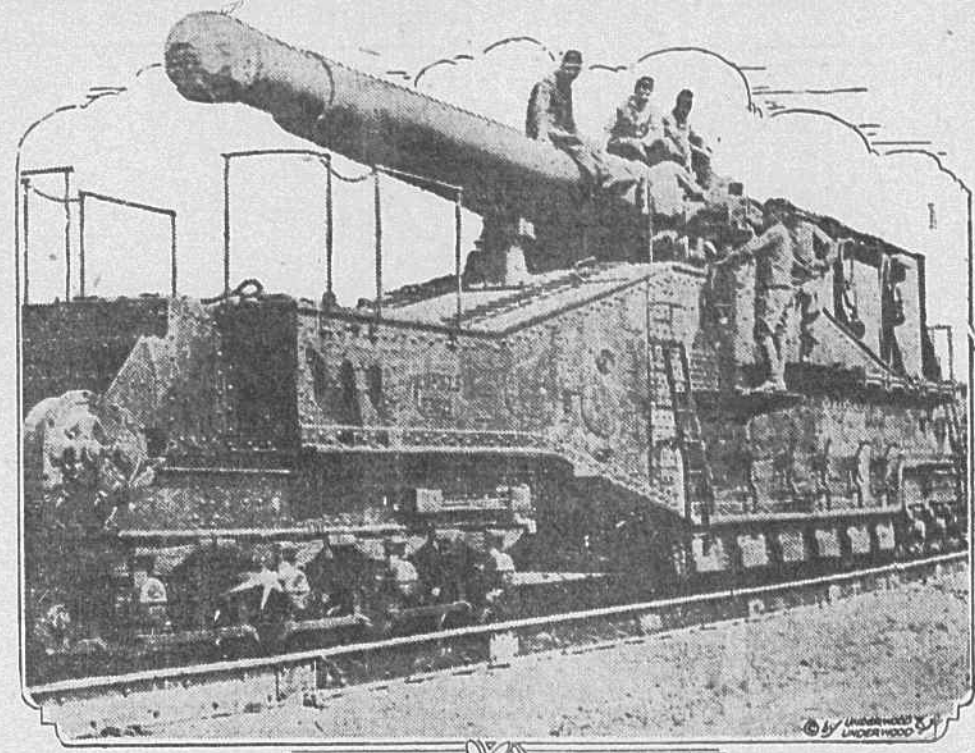
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AMERICAN MADE GUN DRIVES BACK GERMANS ON WESTERN FRONT



American made gun used by French on Somme front. This gigantic rifle, which is being used with great execution against the Germans, is mounted on a specially constructed gun caisson which rests on steel trucks and is easily moved from point to point. The gun is one of the many made in America and shipped to Europe for use against the Teuton powers.

They were married at the Baptist Parsonage by the Rev. Henry W. Tiffany. They will reside at Coalton.

Marriage announced.

Announcement has been made of the marriage at Johnson, Tenn., of Miss Rita Stevens, of that city to Emerson P. Yokum, of Jenningsburg.

Cancer Fatal.

Ell Wamsley, aged 87 years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. French Quick, at Mill Creek, Tuesday, September 12, as a result of cancer.

Miss Crawford Dead.

Miss Lucy G. Crawford, 62, died at her home in Beverly Wednesday. One brother, Former County Commissioner Bent Crawford, and three sisters, Mrs. Lou Gilmore, Mrs. Grace Gibbins and Miss Florida Crawford, of Beverly, survive.

Coaches Football Team.

R. D. Wilmoth, former Davis and Elkins athletic star, who has been doing special work in the University of Chicago, is coaching the Galesburg, Ill., high school football team.

Personals.

Fred L. Allison and family have returned from a trip to Franklin and other West Virginia and Virginia points.

Mrs. D. R. Offner and two children, of Fairmont, are guests at the home of Oliver Wilmoth.

Mrs. J. C. Hale, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stark L. Baker, at Beverly for some time, has gone to Philadelphia to spend a few days with friends before returning home.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Morrow and son, George, of Pittsburgh, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Blain W. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Menzies, of Mr. and Mrs. Cicero Campbell and I. D. Stalnaker are spending the week fishing and camping on Cheat river.

Major Arnold Brandley left Wednesday for New York, where he expects to sail on the steamer Carolina Saturday afternoon for San Juan, Porto Rico, where he will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy E. Hardman have returned from a three week's automobile trip to Philadelphia and other points in the East.

James C. Watkins has returned to Pittsburgh, after a visit of ten days with his daughter here.

H. G. Davis, III, Richard Davidson and R. M. McAvoy, have returned from a fishing trip to Franklin, Pendleton county.

J. L. Maury, manager of the Running Brook Dairy Farm, at Louisville, O., has returned home after a visit with relatives in this section.

Mrs. J. W. Goodsell and daughter, Gayle, of Durbin, were guests this week of Dr. and Mrs. F. S. Johnston.

Miss Valey Freeman, of Huntington, has returned home after a visit with Miss Hallie Martin.

Richard Gordon Hinkleman, of Baltimore, has returned home after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Cain.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartow Vanness have returned to Baltimore, after a visit Miss Kate Reed has returned to Erick H. Barron.

E. D. Talbott and daughter, Mrs. E. O. Fling, motored to Marlinton this week.

Miss Lella Dorsey, of Morgantown, has been a guest of her aunt, Mrs. B. W. Post.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Shaffer, of Baltimore, motored to Elkins, and have been guests at the home of Mayor A. M. Fredlock.

Miss Bess Wilson has returned from Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Baldwin have returned from an automobile tour to Baltimore and other points in the East.

Mrs. Charles H. Earle has returned from a brief visit with Clarkburg relatives.

Miss Pearl Earle, of New York, is a guest of Elkins relatives.

Miss A. K. Reed has returned to New York, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Reed.

Miss Elizabeth Woodrow has returned from a visit with relatives in Illinois.

FINDS A \$50 DIAMOND IN CHEAP TIN OF TOBACCO.

ST. MARY'S Pa., Sept. 16.—Patrick Febley, an engineer, stationed in St. Mary's bought a ten-cent tin of tobacco. While replenishing his pipe he was surprised to see a ring in the tobacco, and examination proved it to contain a setting which looked like a diamond. He took his find to a jeweler, who appraised the stone at \$50.

WANTS TO JOIN WIFE HE KILLED

After Being Captured, Chicago Man Dives through a Window on a Train.

CHICAGO, Sept. 16.—J. Maurice Pettit wants to join his murdered wife on the "spiritual plane." He wants to die. He will kill himself at the first opportunity. He even looks forward to hanging as a desired release from material existence.

Pettit denied to Dr. Thomas Shanahan at the house of correction, Chicago, that he attempted to escape when he made his mad leap from a mile-a-minute train.

"I wasn't trying to get away from the law," he said as he lay on a cot in the emergency ward. "I was trying to get away from my material existence. I was trying to kill myself. I want to join her on the spiritual plane."

Plunges from Train.

He made his plunge at a point a mile and a half east of Michigan City, Ind., while he was being brought back to Chicago on a limited train of the Michigan Central railroad by Detective Theodore Breternitz. He had been caught near Detroit, where he fled after the murder.

Pettit broke from his captor and dove head foremost through the open window of a washroom of the rear coach. The train was brought to a stop and Pettit found a mile in the rear of the train, seriously hurt, but preparing to walk away.

His escape from instant death is probably due to the fact that he landed on a sandy stretch alongside the roadbed. It was his second attempt of the day to escape. Earlier he tried to escape in Detroit.

At the same hour his girl bride, the pretty Kathryn Kaiser Pettit, whose throat he cut last Thursday in a fit of religious mania, was lying in a North Clark street undertaking parlor here, and chums and schoolmates of the slain girl wept disconsolately during funeral services.

Pettit is now under guard at the Bridewell hospital. He was found to have a punctured lung, broken ribs and an injured jaw, but he has a chance to recover.

Chief of Detectives Charles L. Larkin obtained a confession when he talked to Pettit at the hospital.

Why He Killed Girl-Bride.

"I wanted to keep her pure and spiritual," he told Larkin. "When I killed her I did it materially, not spiritually. She still lives as you and I do. She is not dead."

"She was a fine girl, and we had no trouble. I did it to save her purity. She saw the razor in my hand when I came after her. I did it in a fit of insanity. I was insanely jealous of my wife. I put my arm around her neck and told her I was going to do it. I asked her to write a note before I did it, but she never did. She never fell to the floor. I had my arm around her neck. After I did it I laid her on the floor just as easy as I could. I wanted to kill her when I cut her. She is not dead. You are not dead—I am not dead. I wanted her to enter the spiritual life not on this plane. I know that her material life is dead, but not her spiritual life."

"It's all my fault. I alone am to blame. Her mother was very good. Other men called and talked to her. I was jealous of them. I was wrong in that."

Pettit was taken in custody after he had asked for shelter at a farmhouse four miles south of Redford, Mich. J. W. Routh, the farmer, observed that the stranger acted queerly and notified the sheriff's office.

Theodore Breternitz, a Chicago detective, who was in Detroit on other police business, was sent out to the farm with a Detroit detective. Pettit readily admitted his identity and his guilt.

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